

PS 1059

.B85 E3

1893





THE ECHO AND THE POET

WITH OTHER POEMS

THE ECHO AND THE POET
WITH OTHER POEMS BY
WILLIAM CUSHING
BAMBURGH



NEW YORK
Privately Printed for the Author
1893

5497 y'

*This edition limited to Two Hundred
Copies, of which this is No.*

Copyright, 1893,
By WILLIAM CUSHING BAMBURGH.

All rights reserved.

The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.
Printed by H. O. Houghton & Co.

TO ISABEL.

*Isabel, the angels named thee —
Isabel, I never blamed thee
That my love was given to thee :
Sweetest joy it was to woo thee.*

MY OFFERING.

Come, pick to your own choosing, reader dear, —
My pearls have long been fondled, some are worn
And some strung round the neck of Poesy
By other hands, and yet I pray you find
Some pearl to your own liking: 't is to thee
I give with gen'rous heart, and 't is for thee
I fain would cheer that moment of the day
Wherein thy heart may droop, or some sharp pain
Of thoughtless wit may cause thee to give up
Some hope or long-dreamed aspiration.
And I would caution thus: vouchsafe to shun me
Just when thou wilt, — but I am not a dog —
Remember that, — nor slave to any law but love's
And all the attributes of sweet and gentle love
That bears the charm of grace and kindliness.
Come, pick to your own choosing, but thy mind
Must find some sympathetic chord in mine
Ere thou shalt find a truth to suit thine end.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE ECHO AND THE POET	3
GUI D'UISEL	10
IDENTITY	16
A SONG IN THE NIGHT	18
HOLLOW	19
TO R. B.	20
AN INCIDENT OF THE MUSICAL SEASON	22
ITA EST	24
THE LAST WHO SING	25
SONG	27
BY THE SEA-GRASS ON THE HEADLAND	29
NO MEED FOR THE LUKEWARM	31
SONG	32
KITH AND KIN	33
THE POET AND THE BEE	35
SONNETS.	
Personal	39
" Away from clerkly cares "	39
" O, let me hail thee "	40
To Emerson	41
" Wings have my thoughts "	41
Our Forefathers	42
The River Mystic	42
Light	43
A Thought in a Field	44
Life's Jewels	44

Harmonious Music	45
To Wordsworth	45
Wisdom	46
Heredity	47
A Pity 't is, ...	47
Dæmoniac Love	48
In Memoriam	49
Gall and Honey	50
EPIGRAMS AND QUATRAINS	53
ADIEU.	
In Youth	61

THE ECHO AND THE POET.

THE ECHO AND THE POET.

I.

THE Echo saith,

“ Again

This lordliest of men

Cometh hither ;

In him my secret song —

My secret held so long

'T is naught but him doth know it,

Nor would this manly poet

In faith so mild,

This wondrous secret dear

Give o'er to child —

In him my song so clear,

So strange unto mine ear

These two-score years,

Was still as heartful fears

Could wish it kept :

I loved him well.

He said, ‘ It shall not wither ’ —

E'er since my voice has slept.

II.

“ Know ye my tale ?
I have it now to tell : —

“ A life there is above
The life of earthly love,
The life my poet led, not one of woe,
The knowing God — Creator. —
To him was giv’n the vision
Into the soul of man —
The lover — weeper — hater ;
Vision of life Elysian,
Few men ’neath surface scan :
The poet waiteth ever
For the life none else may see ;
My poet ne’er could sever
His love from Italy.

III.

“ When Nero reigned
The earth was stained
With blood of men — some, gods were called ;
All life was palled
By tumult, slaughter ;
Yet one fair daughter
As brown as sunny air oft turns Eve’s child,
Italian in her blood,
Sweet, saintlike in her mood,
Nor weak in being mild,

Sought refuge here, no home
For one who dwelt in Rome.

“ Here Nature, luscious, glorious,
Her charms o’er all victorious,
Deals not with frail woman
As other human :
'Tis tender care she needs,
Else her weak heart long bleeds, —
Her heart so weak it clings to man of hardier
growth. —
To him she plights her troth,
Changing him for God
When her feet have trod
This earth of lust and sloth.

IV.

“ This one fair daughter
Fell sick and wan through pity,
Left th’ Eternal City
Slow passing through the slaughter ;
Here rested, famished, died.

“ 'T was then her soul outcried,
Oh, here must I remain
To haunt these dells in vain ;
Perchance some poet lost
In rapturous fancy tossed
Will find my soul his own,
As murm’ring o’er his verse

One note he may rehearse
And through his soul my echo may be thrown."

v.

"Alas!" the Echo saith,
So oft in softest breath,
When strangely man did spare
A minute's mountain joy
To breathe diviner air
With heartleap of the boy —
"Alas!" the Echo saith,
"My voice so seld hath breath
To yearn seems folly,
Yet melancholy
Its pall o'er me has thrown."

There jagged moss and stone
With fig are rank o'ergrown —
There vines creep heaven-called
And dells with moss are walled.

vi.

Dear Echo yearned but thrived
(For echoes are long-lived),
Yet yearned in hope her poet soon would seek
New bloom upon his cheek,
And tune his verse
In chords so terse
'T would meet her chime
In fairy rhyme.

VII.

So æons passed —
(A time so vast
'T is naught but Nature's echoes last) ;
The years were frowning
When Carlyle, Browning,
Wielders of impulsive hopes,
Did burst on songless days,
Filled Britain with deep truths and lays
That turned her to Queen Bess's days.
The sage sought France
And menlike Kings,
The poet much diviner things,
The cores of old romance
That round dead souls long clings ;
The fair pure sky of Italy
Filling his soul with ecstasy.
He sought the isles and dales
Where freedom never fails ;
He sought the strangest tales,
And learnt how Pippa Passes ;
He waded through morasses —
And wandered through wild woods
Where Dante in his moods
Long pondered o'er his Hell, —
Long pondered, — and so well !

VIII.

Thus in these fitful wand'rings
Pond'ring on Dante's pond'rings,

And singing in his heart the songs of youth —
The poet found the Echo, and forsooth,
He sang in sweetness
With mystic fleetness
A song the world can never hear ;
He sang, and all his soul
With Heaven at once made whole
Poured forth upon the air,
Then ceased ; no longer there
Was Echo heard again,
Tho' oft the tread of men
Disturbed the slumb'ring den.

IX.

Again the poet wended, —
My poet grown more sage
Singing in his heart sweet songs of age, —
'To Florence where was blended
Sweet life with wife at Rome ;
And still with poet's passion
Unharm'd by London fashion.
He sought the Echo once again —
His secret, his alone of men.
There still the spirit entered,
And in his brain was centred,
The fancy which gave o'er
His strange pathetic lore
As ne'er in poet it had ever lived before.

Deep song swelled from his heart
As perfume from the rose ;
With artless art
He sang until day's close ;
Then said, " I must depart,
And if perchance I come this way again
I prithee, Echo, know your favorite of men."

The Echo answered, " Thou
Wilt die and I will die
Here in luscious Italy,
Nor e'er will man know how
My secret unto thee was given.
I waited for thee here ;
I loved thee many a year,
And true wert thou to my poor secret dear :
Farewell, and yet again, farewell."

The poet left the dell —
At Venice lately died ;
Nor has the Echo vied
With song of any singer since well-born of
Heaven.

GUI D'UISEL :

A BALLAD OF A JONGLEUR OF FRANCE.

I.

VALIANT rose Lord Gui of Uisel,
Lover of both song and glory —
Hater of all boding terror, —
 Longing to be free,
Sought for newer paths of valor,
Valor such as from the brain comes
 Granting liberty.

II.

Gui was of Brioude the Canon ;
Bred in lax religious manners,
 Love to him was food ;
Canons were not then too pious —
Seldom were they men of honor,
 Nor on sins did brood.

III.

To his cause came his two brothers,
Ebles and his brother Peter,
And their hungry, stricken cousin ;
 Willingly they sought

All the charms of coysome Muses
In the making of their verses
To be sung at court.

IV.

Rode they from their moated castle —
Clad in all their rainbow colors
On before them rode their heralds —
Into distant climes,
Ready each to die for maidens
Who should recognize their valor ;
Ready each to sing for maidens
Roundelays and rhymes.

V.

In the sunny land of Provence
Gui long importuned a lady
To receive his humble homage
And his humble praise ;
In her honor sang sweet sonnets,
Only to be soon rejected, —
For he was a common scholar
Singing am'rous lays.

VI.

Laughing at her first rejection
Still he importuned the Lady,
Sought her youth and peerless beauty,
Sought her dauntlessly ;

Filled his dreams with gleaming visions,
Visions that did make him happy ;
Then her grace slow turned to hatred, —
Scorned him bitterly.

VII.

Mortified was Gui so gallant,
Tossed about by woman's folly —
Woman who in love is thoughtless,
Changeful and serene :
True love every care doth banish,
Every agitation quelling
As it ne'er had been.

VIII.

Mortified was Gui of Uisel,
And in anger and in sadness
Love and song he quickly silenced
Ne'er to sing again ;
Silenced was his lordly passion,
Filled his bosom was with anguish, —
Sad was he 'mongst men.

IX.

Silenced was his peerless singing,
Dull those eyes that flashed while singing,
Low and mournful now his voice was ;
Melancholy Gui

Shared the owl's love for the darkness,
Gazed upon the starry heavens
 Heaving oft a sigh.

X.

Knights then grieved and royal ladies, —
Valiant knights and ladies lonely
Sought and begged for roundelays, —
 Still his song was mute.
Marie Ventadour petitioned
He should sing a tuneful sonnet
 While she played the lute.

XI.

Valiant rose fair Gui of Uisel, —
Lover of both song and glory —
Glory that did overwhelm him,
Glory that did grant him genius, —
 His last lay to chant :
“ Lady Marie, this my song is,
Which to all the world is final ;
 This for thee I grant.”

THE SONG.

From the tree-tops sing the angels
 Of the air ;
Ruled by love their songs are joyful —
 Without care.

Theirs are songs so full of meaning,
 Magic words
Trill from throats to rune so lightsome —
 Happy birds !

Never song in brain reposing, —
 Song so true, —
Magic hath not lest intending
 Hearts to woo.

Sing I thus, and thus I murmur
 Low to thee,
Ere I leave to be forgotten
 Presently.

Listen now unto my wisdom :
 Song is great !
But without warm love it weakens,
 Sorry fate !

Long I gave my fond allegiance
 Without jest,
Singing ere I in the starlight
 Went to rest.

Birds do change their climes each season ;
 Songs must cease ;
Ere the blight of old age palls me,
 Seek I peace.

Once wild lands and bowered castles
 Were my pride ;
Back to them I soon must turn me
 As the tide.

Farewell song ! O farewell story !
 I implore
Thou wilt let me murmur softly
 One song more :

Song that in no verse finds haven ;
 From the heart
One more song at Death I 'll murmur,
 Then depart.

Farewell song, and farewell glory !
 Farewell strife !
When the awful blighting end comes,
 Farewell life !



“ Lady Marie, this my song is
Which renounces all my passions ;
 Death must quench my grief ;
Love hath been a tyrant master,
And my song doth cease with loving —
 Love hath proved a thief ! ”

IDENTITY.

I SOUGHT a star
In heaven's zenith ;
The star shone not —
For that I sorrowed.

A greater light
Was there in heaven ;
The moon shone full :
And lesser stars
Were dim or shone not.
The planets — ah !
And greater stars,
Shone with their light eterne.

Why should I sorrow ?
All lesser lights grow dim.
The boulder grows ;
The sands are ground
By wash of waves
And toss of winds,
To sparkling dust.

The greater lights —
The lamps of our vast world,
The lamps called poets
Which God doth fill
With light of Heaven,
Shine without flicker
Eternally.

A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

MINE ear is full of love's sweet words,
My heart is blithe and gay,
While on the night wind slow is borne
A song that seems to say:

Blithe is the heart with a song in its spirit,
Sweet is the song that hath love for its theme ;
True is my love who still lingers to hear it,
Calm is her sleep sweetly blent with a dream.
Love soon may die and spread its blight
O'er sun and moon, o'er day and night.

Love holds the secret of darkness and daylight,
Seeking the soul in the beauties of earth,
Yearning forever to make thy life's way bright,
Raising creation to immortal birth.
Love soon may die and spread its blight
O'er sun and moon, o'er day and night, —
O'er night and day
And thy life's way.

My heart is full of woe and sorrow,
I long to clasp my love,
Ere comes the dawning of the morrow
That he his love may prove.

HOLLOW.

HOLLOW the air where the spurt-winged swallow

Flew to his nest ;

Hollow the song of the sweet-voiced poet,

Hunger-oppressed.

Hollow the hope of the love-lorn maiden

Haunted by wrongs ;

Hollow the praise that seemeth not honest

For my first songs.

TO R. B.

THOU didst not find, O Master, one clear word
Conveying fullest essence of the flood
Of truth and love that in thy heart were stirred —
What wouldst thou not have giv'n to write in blood ?

Were all the hearts that in this world have throbbed
Burnt on one funeral pyre, none would cry
Aloud for mercy : each one th' other robbed,
And from the other each would madly fly.

Yet from the pyre might arise a wail
For freedom from all evil : Then, O Master,
Wouldst thou compress into thy poet's pale
Confession from each heart's most cruel disaster.

For thou hast heard the wail of erring souls
And ev'ry cry hath found its chord in thee,
But even as all truth our God controls
So doth He curb the tongue's full liberty.

'T is well, O Poet, that our mortal speech
Doth find its mart of words so ill-provided,
For to thine open heart all men beseech
That thou wilt hold most rare all they've confided.

It is the poet's charm to probe the store
Of secret truths that clog the wheels of time,
And cut corruption from the sodden core
By keenest tierce and carte of piercing rhyme ;

And thou, O Master, Poet, whose soul-truth
Did probe the sins of man and push thy speech
To chokeful phrase, it is for thee, forsooth,
We grant the wreath beyond small singers' reach.

AN INCIDENT OF THE MUSICAL SEASON.

1891-1892.

SULLEN sat the fond musician
Peering into space,
Quiet now his hand lay listless,
Jaded was his face.

All the airs of Paganini
Fled were from his brain ;
Now his violin lay silent
Freed from every strain.

Once that face infused with passion
Saw the angels come,
As with airs from famous Mozart,
Verdi, and sublime Rossini
Evil souls fell dumb.

Fallen was he, fallen slowly,
Wearied in the race, —
Some foresaw the new opinions
Drove him from his place.

Slowly, slowly, and more slowly,
Stiff his fingers grew,

Unaccustomed to bewitch us
Soon his fate he knew.

Hunger, thirst, and gaunt starvation
Changed his long-sought goal, —
Once his hope was for great honors
That bestir the soul.

Now his soul was colder growing ;
Love of dreams was gone —
Charity herself he courted —
He so weak and wan.

Hunger, thirst, and gaunt starvation
Claimed him Christmas Day,
Calmly took the fond musician
Gently far away.

Thus it is the world's gay fashion,
Ever various and so changeful,
Thought has for to-day, —
Thought it has not for the shunned one,
Past and cast away.

Fashion loves her new companions,
Merit lonely dies :
Fashion wins, through all that 's worldly ;
Fashion wins, but glorious merit
Rests in Paradise.

ITA EST.

I SOUGHT a dewdrop pure one April morning,
And yet where'er I peered each leaf was dry —
E'en all the skies Dame Nature seem'd scorning,
When soon a shower fell from out the sky.

'T is so I seek a tear upon the cheek
Of some mild maid whose gentle, contrite heart
Hath erred, and ere I know she is so weak
From ready springs a flood of tears doth start.

THE LAST WHO SING.

"O, CARE we who sung this or that ?

'T is we at last who sing," —

The robin who in meadows calls

Takes flight on crimson wing.

Yet he who sings hath not his song,

While he who steals apart,

And sings in some far solitude,

Hath music in his heart.

For song is but a moment's joy

That, passing, soon is lost ;

'T is but the blooming of a bud

Nipped by an early frost.

The song that lives for e'er and aye

Must echo in thy mind,

And tho' thou livest fourscore years

'T will sing in every wind.

Nor care we who sung this or that —

The sweetest song's ne'er kept

Forever in the grave's deep lore

By them who long have slept.

But in the living song of songs
That dies not with the voice ; —
We care not who sung this or that,
For we in song rejoice.

SONG.

SING of high courage and hope
And one strong mood to-day, —
Sing of the scourge and the rope
Yestere'en tho' ye may.

Sing of sweet freedom of mind,
Sing with the voice of the breeze ;
Harmonious chords we may find
Where'er there are songs like these.

Fill thy great voice with laughter,
Fill thy sweet songs with hope,
Let not the drear Hereafter
In sweet Elysium grope.

Cast out all taint from To-morrow,
Live while there 's joyfulness, *now !*
Madcaps can give naught but sorrow,
Sorrow that furrows the brow.

In grief there 's nothing but madness ;
Sing now of joy and of cheer, —
Hell has a meed for mad sadness,
Sadness so wan and so drear.

Let thy songs echo where folly
Clings to its ruin of age, —
Laugh to scorn old Melancholy,
Laugh in the face of stern rage.

BY THE SEA-GRASS ON THE HEADLAND.

A SPRAY of sea-grass on the headland,
A waft of wild winds that are drear,
Yet hither my sweetheart ne'er cometh,
Cometh to give me cheer.

'T was here that she promised to meet me,
'T was here that my fate would be sealed ;
But only the dashing and foaming
Of the sea is revealed.

O Thou to whom souls are the secrets,
Of truths born of hope and of hate,
Is this dashing and foaming the answer
Determining my fate?

Then Thee, O fair God, do I conjure :
Grant this to my heart that is sore,
That she shall be drown'd in a shipwreck,
And cast here on this shore.

Nay, think not that loving and longing
Make longing and love worth their cost ;
For the heart and the soul of the lover
Are oft in hatred lost.

And Thou, to whom souls are the secrets
Of man's little faith and great doubt,
Dost know why mad love is revengeful,
And, putting faith to rout,

It lurks in wan shades slowly waning
Ere shrouding themselves in the night ;
Thou knowest that man when revengeful
Lives in careless delight.

Yet, she was so fair and so rosy,
I would not, — nay, could not, ask Death
To toss her on crests of wild billows,
So stifling her last breath.

But, lay her here gently, — more gently
Than ever maid fell at man's feet,
For by the sea-grass on the headland
Fate doth decree we shall meet.

NO MEED FOR THE LUKEWARM.

AN ! what hath he who ne'er renews his life,
Whose eye doth never burn with shifting fire,
Who with eternal truth evades all strife
And each day lights his own funereal pyre ?

'T is aspiration leads us to the skies,
And fills our orbs with light that inward glows —
Sweet gift from Him who never aught denies,
Yet guards so well the light that from Him flows.

SONG.

LOVE me, and my light
Shines as stars in night ;
Hate me, and my hate
Will with thine abate.

Love me, and sweet peace
Bids my love increase ;
Fitful, evil hate
Needs a bitter fate.

Joy and happy love
Merit grace above ;
Anger, base and hot,
Boils the Devil's pot.

Kiss me, — peace be thine,
Love is thine and mine ;
Man and bird and beast
Join in God's love feast.

KITH AND KIN.

THE bee buzzed out of the lily,
And sang about my head ;
Then flew down into the valley,
While sad, wild tears I shed.

For I dreamed of winning Elsie,
Who buzzed about my heart ;
When just as I knew I loved her
She murmured, " We must part."

The bee was akin to Elsie,
Who fled the mountain-side, —
For she loved Phil-o'-the-valley,
And soon became his bride.

I then saw they were like Cupid,
Who pierces with his dart,
Then flies to my nearest neighbor
To conquer his weak heart.

O, ye whose love is so tender,
Woe has no balm for love, —
O, come ye down to the valley,
There's only woe above.

For love that is life 's not folly,
And folly has no care :
True love that 's born of great sorrow
Must nought of follies share.

To own one's love is to forfeit
The sweets of forbidden chase ;
None are less sure than the lover,
He e'er may keep his place.

THE POET AND THE BEE.

I LOITERED by the riverside,
With all my cares forgot,
And watched the changing of the tide,
And dreamed of what was not.

I plucked a rose, a rose full-thorned,
When from it flew a bee, —
A bee that loitered not, but scorned
My poet's liberty.

I sought a theme, but from it flew
The sweets of its sweet blessing —
So green the grass, the sky so blue :
Came happiest caressing

From songs of birds and zephyrs blent ;
O, life so kind, supreme,
If beauty reigns where souls are sent
I ne'er again would dream.

And slowly day drew to its close,
And stiller grew the stream :
The bee again hid in my rose,
And I hid in my dream.

The bee then suck'd the sugar'd rose,
And flew so far away,
No sweets had I at quick'ning close
Of that eventful day.

SONNETS.

SONNETS.

PERSONAL.

AN ! what have I that in some future times
Shall cause some heart to find pure sentiment
With this weak verse of mine so humbly blent ?
Will these warm thoughts — O, will these anxious
rhymes —
Each like a tendril as it slowly climbs —
Be broken off by some rude, faithless hand ?
O, what may one's prayer crave from our vast land
Where men do feel the pulse of pantomimes ?
And yet, 't were well if o'er my grave is placed
A plain hewn stone on which is rudely graved,
In letters that will thwart the waste of years,
“ Here lieth one whose life was sweetly graced,
O'er whose fond soul the flag of truce e'er waved,
And sought companionship with men's best peers.”

“ AWAY FROM CLERKLY CARES.”

AWAY from clerkly cares all life is sweet,
And holy truths do find my welcome thought
Outstretched to greet them as on wings they're
brought,
Or carried by some speedy elfins' feet ;

How great is life when all the pleasures meet
 In one kind heart with godly sunshine filled
 And every angry tumult calmly stilled —
 How charmingly the morning seems to greet
 Our innocence ! The dearth of want and wrong
 Doth spur the singing heart of man to song,
 And make of every soul a throne. O Maker !
 We never see beyond Thy Golden Acre
 O'er veiled with rainbows, yet when life is past
 We yield our joys to Thee for dowers more vast.

"O, LET ME HAIL THEE."

O, LET me hail thee on some beauteous day,
 And tread with thee a path untrod by men,
 To penetrate the haunts of Jenny Wren,
 Or view with awe the oriole's bright display
 Of wings ; or pluck the Iceland mosses gray ;
 So with the balms which Nature freely yields
 In woodlands or in swaying wheaten fields
 Return we through wide meadows laid with hay.
 Wouldst thou with me interpret Nature's laws ?
 And feel the budding spring in every nerve ?
 And with old cronies know th' approach of rain ?
 Know then that birth with growth is primal cause
 From which no living thing shall ever swerve,
 Or all the truth of God would be in vain.

TO EMERSON.

O CONCORD sage ! my star of early days,
Who, knowing not, my life were weak indeed ;
Hadst thou not sown in me the noble seed
Of nobler thought, I could not bring this praise ;
For unto me thou cam'st when in a maze
My youth was wand'ring, tossed from weak to strong :
Thou interven'dst, and led me from the wrong
And sham and lies and all their shameless ways,
And gave me insight into Nature's charms
Which entered into no man's life as thine,
For thou didst seek in her the truth divine :
In Nature's gen'rous essence were no harms ;
Then shall I say 'mid critic's wrangling strife,
"Rare Plato once again did come to life."

"WINGS HAVE MY THOUGHTS."

WINGS have my thoughts, and flying here and there
They seek th' embrace of some unbridled breeze
Or flit about as birds 'mid forest trees,
Ne'er mindful of wild storms nor deathly air.
What hast thou then to give me that is rare
And unpolluted as a thought so pure
It through all æons shall in pride endure ?
Why dost thou bring ideas so lowly, bare ?

I seek not old nor faulty, barren truths
That play their parts as men without keen wits,
But thoughts that may inspire warm-soul'd youths
Who flout all show of wrong with cries of "Quits!"
Wings have my thoughts — 't is far from channels old
The miner finds new harvests of fine gold.

OUR FOREFATHERS.

AH! strong in heart were they who so forsook
Their native land the mighty kingdom trembled,
When on their ships the Pilgrim sires assembled,
And with the scorn of scorn cast back one look
Wherein the hope of all they undertook
Was bright ; and all the sweet delights of peace
Unseen but not unsought, without surcease
Were drawn in plenty from their Guardian Book.
O Holy Bible, thou hast granted grace
To many a Pilgrim casting off the yoke
Of unreligious laws ; and yet no trace
Of high achievement equals that fell stroke
Which severed souls from blunt un-Christian rites
That lighted pyres of pain on England's heights.

THE RIVER MYSTIC.

LAY thy soft hands in mine as on we tread
Beside the banks where Pilgrims oft have trod,
Breathing a prayer to their Almighty God
That no starved, lurking Indian raise his head

Nor tauntingly molest them. Blood was shed
On thy fair verdant shores ; and here so blithe
Fair maids, sweet versed in foreign ways and lithe
In mind and form, with youthful fancies bred,
Dreading nought but that kind virtue taught them
dread,
Sported as were their souls ne'er filled with fear.
Here mused the sturdy Winthrop ; there Paul Re-
vere
Crossed, — recrossed, as toward Lexington he sped ; —
Now, dost thou inward flow and out in languid tide
As merest fancies on thy bosom ride.

LIGHT.

ALL light on earth from God doth emanate,
Shining from one great Sun with constant ray —
Nor yet such sun as brings forth night and day
Nor casts its gloom upon our low estate ; —
Its light hath flecks that seem so often great,
Yet will the number grow in measure less
As we our virtue into service press
To cleanse the foul instincts commensurate
With worldly hope that raiseth not a soul
Above weak daily life. Who will not cast
Their hopes away from the grave, thankless past
Must brave the waves of Time that o'er them roll.
Raise up thine eyes ! absorb the azure stream,
That thine own soul with holiness may gleam.

A THOUGHT IN A FIELD.

E'EN in the fields, the murmur of the bees,
The still, mysterious growth of tiny ferns,
Are truths from which man daily, hourly learns :
So, too, the song of birds in woodland trees
And movements of the unseen perfumed breeze
Are secrets. God is tireless, and oft doth steal
By strangest paths into man's soul. I feel
The great and wondrous power that foresees
And yet doth trust the will of man to bow
As mortal in obeisance to the Sov'reign mind ;
The fairy, flitting flies that pass me now
As through the daisy-laden field I wind,
The twinkling stars of Heaven do emulate —
Ah ! they know naught of God who know no fate.

LIFE'S JEWELS.

THE sorrow of the soul is deeply set,
Forgiving and forgetful ; but each tear
Wears down the hardy rock beneath, — the mere
Slow dripping of a sorrow seldom met
With aught of kindness : without fret
It sees the warmth decrease, and ev'ry frown
Bestirs a sacred jewel from life's crown,
Quick caught by Fate in her close-woven net.

Great souls like these are weak in worldly eyes, —
 And borne adown the stream as on it flows
 Into the sea of hardship and unease ;
 But such are souls that sinking soon do rise
 More purely cleansed of burdens and of woes —
 And One doth govern blessèd souls like these.

HARMONIOUS MUSIC.

O THOU controller of the mysteries
 Of passions and of woe and joy and love
 That waft the soul on songs so far above
 The hum of life, and penetrate the skies
 And all the forms of thought our God denies
 To baser men, I know not how to praise
 The majesty of thy sustaining lays,
 For in my soul a peacefulness doth rise
 Obscuring sin from mine aspiring birth.
 So marshaled by thy rhythm do I rehearse
 The modes of life so long described of Heaven,
 Where faith and love do gain their mooted worth
 And 'scape the awfulness of thoughtless curse :
 Sweet food art thou, well blest by holy leaven.

TO WORDSWORTH,

AFTER READING HIS XXXTH ECCLESIASTICAL SONNET.

“FOR what contend the wise ?” Ah ! thou didst find
 In freedom from coarse Sense true wisdom lies :
 'T is this, I ask : with what contend the wise ?
 For, granting thou didst ever see entwined

About the holier records of the mind
The tendrils of vain seeing, hearing, taste,
And nerves and smell that have so oft misplaced
The aim of truth, — as oft made justice blind, —
I know that thou didst know strong friction harms
Sweet aspiration. How many sins retard
The course of beauty and the thousand charms
That keep the wand'ring spirits of the bard
In bondage mild, while many purer themes
Do ripple through his brain like mountain streams !

WISDOM.

THROUGH wisdom and through knowledge men behold
What sweet content have they in whom the truth
Is all in all, nor scorn the arts of youth,
Who in the cradle 'gins to be a scold,
And yearns to cleanse the evils which enfold
The charms of life that aged men despise
And call such monstrous, e'en disastrous lies
Wrought into being by the false and bold.
But Wisdom, charming Folly's loving mate,
Possessed of tranquil, ever-certain skill,
Proves unto man how God on earth is great,
As well as Heaven, where His so holy will
Doth more increase the power of Wisdom's power
Which unto man is given by Death as dower.

HEREDITY.

IN birth is fate : thy father knows thine end
 Nor tells it thee : his soul is seal'd, too, —
 His secret ne'er will pass from him to you.
 Ah ! great indeed is he who, born a friend
 To every noble truth, all truths shall mend
 Whose semblance of the truth have passed their
 prime —
 Their visages now scarred by active Time.
 In birth is fate ; obscurely do they send
 Thy mind and hope the spirit of true power
 Whose lives were fashioned in an earlier age
 Than thine, and blent their faith and will
 With men whose graves engulf them : 't is thy dower
 To read thy father's name on history's page,
 And feel within thee his great spirit still.

A PITY 'T IS.

A PITY 't is — and yet 't is not a pity
 Men come of clay, and to loose clay return,
 For some do seek immortal life and yearn
 For Heaven's meed. To some, life is a ditty
 Sung through each ghostly day in some vast city,
 And they would sing for aye their revels gay,
 Nor grant to Death the toll each one must pay.
 Immortal is the soul, — so scorn the pretty,

Fantastic ways of life : thy place is 'mong the great,
Whose peaceful souls and joys do overflow
And bless all people with their sunlit cheer ; —
No crumbling flesh disturbs immortal fate :
The golden radiance from their lives doth flow
And make of death a peerless, vaster sphere.

DÆMONIAC LOVE.

O, DEEP Dæmoniac power ! thou bidst me sing
To them who list, my songs of lowly worth,
That I may crave some homage ; yet its dearth
Could never bid me shun thee, nor could sting
With poisoned dart the graceful fleeting wing
Of lightsome fancy which my mind doth love —
Wilt thou then ever bring me from above
The leave to drink the liquor of thy spring ?
I pray thee grant me meed that virtue hath :
Its own reward for all I truly do
As on I tread the lonely, shrouded path, —
That I may gaze on Heaven's faultless blue —
For thee my love will with itself condole,
And quaff with joy the nectar of thy soul.

IN MEMORIAM.

I.

SWEET April bade me greeting at my birth,
But his made fair one red October morn
Which lovers of warm June do feebly scorn,
And crave the fragrance sweet of Springtime's worth.
As those who seem inspired by treacherous mirth
I can nor say nor dream of anything
Lest this most treacherous month of budding Spring,
Wherein the mortal Shakespeare left our earth,
With oscillating spirit hovers o'er,
And fills me with some calm or holy rage
That reason's judgment cannot seem t' assuage,
It probes my heart until my heart is sore : —
In him whom Autumn claimed as her own child
No passion rose, — in him all life was mild.

II.

How oft, when friends are lost, and new ones take
Their place, and, looking back upon the past,
I see my flight outrun the lost and last,
There rises once again the swirling wake
Through billows I ignored for his fond sake ;
And wonder whence my flight shall take its way
To live in heart of friend thro' ev'ry day
Still given to me. How hearts so fond do quake !

I know not whence the evil spirit came —
I know not how it reft the trust and faith —
My only mem'ry is a shallow wraith
That unto me my loss doth oft proclaim.
I shudder, stunned I know not whence nor why —
For life turns vague through love's own falsity.

GALL AND HONEY.

O, WHY should I with tears in my young eyes —
Not tears of woe, but tears of pain and blight
That sorely blind me in my hope for light —
O, why should I be brought to face the lies
And shames of men, when holy liberties
And joys of sacred truth and meditation
Would lead me from the throes of consternation
That drowns us in its vast perplexities?
O, why, O God, are we in kinship brought
With all the base and bitter wrongs of life,
When, separated from the sodden strife,
Our lives would purer be, and purer, too, our thought?
Yet o'er this strife Thou reignest still supreme,
And I, in patience, practice o'er my dream.

EPIGRAMS AND QUATRAINS.

EPIGRAMS AND QUATRAINS.

SHED all thy light about, forego all shame, —
Would'st thou let grope in darksome, treach'rous ways
Those poor to whom one truth would light their frame,
And win for thee a rayless man's sweet praise ?

“TEACH me the way to live !” he cried,
For all his lines were drawn in crooked ways ;
“Teach me thy way, O God !” and died, —
To Him who granted truth be all the praise.

GAIN AND LOSS.

No Brahmin but hath in him one great shrine
Where sin and woe and shallow truths are purged :
From out the Self doth soulful Beauty shine, —
Within the Self false Beauty is submerged.

CONFUCIUS AND OTHERS.

GREAT Pagans cherish truths, nor yet condemn
The works of Christ, for good are they in heart,
And truth to them is life, a holy gem
Well set and kept, nor sold in any mart.

WESLEY AND OTHERS.

GREAT Christians look without and breathe a prayer
For all grim-stained and sin-enveloped lives,
For having love they give it and declare
Sweet peace on God's great holiness e'er thrives.

HEINE.

I.

So much was given by thee thou wast bereft
Of sweetest peace and joy devoid of pain ;
And like the rose when naught but form is left
Endured thy wan death o'er and o'er again.

II.

To fields so green and waving trees bedecked
Thine arms were far outstretched as surly Death
Didst shake thy life-worn carcass evil-wrecked :
What bliss 'mongst them to breathe thy final breath !

EMERSON.

INTERPRETER of mighty truths to souls
That open were to thee, thine own delight
Was blent with faith that in all brains controls
The magic that doth grant the blind their sight.

NO UNION.

TRUE love and peace together 'll ne'er be tied,
For love stirs up in wine the bitter dregs, —
Which peace must drink, or drink will be denied ;
Still, peace bows down to Love, and humbly begs.

CHANGE.

ON my fair maiden's breast I lay my head,
But found it there a most intemp'rate bed, —
For while she breathed, her love it seemed to cease :
Therewith did end my seeming endless peace.

TRUE manhood's noonday shadows hold
The dews of boyhood's morning :
In age those gentle shades become
Night's ever faithful warning.

O HAPPY maid who parts not love from laughter,
Give o'er thy soul to joy ; 't is but a space
Ere thou shalt know sweet peace doth follow after
False Love hath dropped from out his wayward race.

How blithe a maiden's spirit when all 's fair :
Deep woe is gloom, nor blithesome can it be
When all is woe endowed by weighty care :
Fond maidens to be glad must through woe see.

I KNOW not whence, nor whither, nor why
The meteors flash in the midnight sky,
Yet God hath in His manifold ways
Bade me his wondrous powers to praise.

ABOVE this life God is not, but within
And all around it ; reigning from above,
He guides with never-ceasing, helpful love,
Dispersing truth from falsehood, good from sin.

BESIDE the paths of life old Time lies waiting
Upon each mortal passing by debating,
And conning o'er and o'er the span of years
Ere night shall fall when twilight disappears.

O LIGHT of thought ! O life of books !
O dreams of land and sea !
Whence come ye with thy joyful looks ?
Whence go ye ? Ask Eternity.

TRUE grief alone hath power to 'suage its loss,
And throw its heavy pall into the Past,
Whereto all wo and pallor should be cast,
Nor held to mar the beauty of the Cross.

ADIEU.

IN YOUTH.

A SINGER'S early rhymes are ne'er in time
With strange pulse-beats of men ;
To all the world he seems a pantomime
Danced wildly o'er again.

'T is strange ; aye, wondrous strange ! Bold, trenchant
truths
Do bubble from deep wells
Wherein the depth is not perceived of youths —
There Song so shyly dwells.

In youth is caught but the murmur
Of the sparkling, gurgling spring :
Until the ear is familiar
No youth great songs may sing.

'T is long after youth man seeth
How vain is all he hath heard :
'T is only a gentle zephyr
That hath his feelings stirred.

Ah ! when the deep cup of passion
Long quaffed is cast away,
And thought in its holy suff'ring
Hath lived from day to day,

Then song shall find its true mission
To wash my dreams from stain,
And gladly to song I 'll turn me
To sing to thee again.

H 70 86



Decidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing Agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date:

JAN

1993



BOOKKEEPER
PRESERVATION TECHNOLOGIES, L.P.
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 785 435 5